

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 335.

PIKE TESTIMONY.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

Stranger, 'xuse my grinnin' so,
I'm thundarin' tickled, and you'll allow
'Tis ruther a tall old joke on Joe,
To be woken up sudden, taken from jail
And tarred and feathered and rode on a rail,
For goin' through old Marm Roundy's till,
When I'd be makin' you, you'll keep still!
He meugh 'a' easly make it clear
He warn't within five miles o' thar!

Why didn't he prove a silly?
Wal, stranger, I don't mind tellin' you why.

Yer see, old Joe,
He couldn't but know.

That's a powerful prejudice this here way
'Gins a riding horses, and sich display.
Why, of they'd 'a' known whar he was that
night,
They'd 'a' strung him up es high's a kite,
Yer may bet all your old hoots that;
He was nabbin' horses down at the Flat!

And more'n all that, if I'd hed the will,
I could easy show
That 'twarn't old Joe
That went through old Marm Roundy's till.
Et I know it—

Why didn't I do it?

Wal, yer see,
'Twas kind of a family matter with me.
I'd 'a' been a lively scallywag,
Goin' about,
And hatin' out
Twas my old man as took that swag!

Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER;

OR,
The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A ROAD AGENT IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"Halt there! Move a finger and I'll fill you
so full of holes that your carcass won't hold water!"

The words rung out clear and distinct upon the
morning air, doubly significant by the
shameful *click-clack* toing of one or more
firearms being prepared for instant use.

The traveler promptly obeyed, in so far that he
halted abruptly, the clear, mellow whistle with
which he was beguiling his way ceasing as suddenly
as within his eyes turned to see the vast
dense column of bushes from whence had issued its
startling mandate. And, though his bronzed cheek
grew a thought paler, his right hand quickly closed
upon the revolver butt at his hip.

"To that end you stand free, or there'll
be a feast for the black vultures right where you
stand now!" sharply added the same voice.

"Thank your patron saint that we are feeling in a
comfortable humor to-day, else a brace of bullets
would have ordered your halt, instead of my sweet
word. You see—we are five to one—and that one
a baby."

"Baby or not—give me half a show and I'll fight
the lot—but not you skulk behind cover and shoot
down honest men from beh'nd!"

"I don't grow men bigger than that, where
you came from?" and, grinning with the grace of a
snarling coyote, the speaker emerged from his
cover.

There was a strong contrast between the two,
thus confronting each other.

The one outlaw was tall, rising six feet, of a
giant, bony and angular build, yet apparently
active and supple as a mountain lion. A livid scar
transversed his face, which had cut into and
distorted the vision of one eye. A straggling, wiry
black beard and mustache, long locks of greasy
hair, and blood-stained Mexican garments and
revolvers, a straight-bladed, two-edged sword
naked at his hip, a long "Kentucky rifle" in
his hand—such was the "outfit" of the road-
agent.

"What do you want with me, any how?" sharply
demanded the youth, his eyes glowing at the team.
"If you are a thief, you've struck a blind lead
here. I'm shoal on the bar"—haven't got dust
enough to buy a square meal!"

"We'll never get money—buy—but you'll do
to help pass away the time while waiting. As for gold
—I've slit many a man's waistband for *you*—just to
see the red blood gurgle and flow—I love it! It's
Mother's milk to me—dearer than all the red
gold!"

The foolish face became inflamed, his little eyes
glowed and shone, and one hand clutched nervously
at his throat. The young man started, with
a little cry.

"Three-Fingered Jack!"

"Ay! Manno! Garcia or Three-Fingered Jack's
call me!" said the outlaw, proudly, holding
up his mutilated hand. "You have heard of me!"

"I have—and I would give a year of my life to
stand face to face with you, equally armed and
with none of your cowardly conceits about to aid
you in your encounter with me!"

"I have—and I would give a year of my life to
stand face to face with you, equally armed and
with none of your cowardly conceits about to aid
you in your encounter with me!"

But his desperate resolve was promptly frustrated.

A pair of sinewy arms were wound around
him from behind, and a chuckling outlaw held his
body clear, of the ground, despite his furious
struggles. Then Garcia, laughing ferociously, drew
a knife and signed for his comrade to loosen his
hold.

"Is it worth while, Jack?" interrupted a third
outlaw. "He is not worth the plucking, and there
is no honest way to gain by a man's killing a baby
in knife-play."

"You are right, Cardoza—and I was a fool for
minding his kicks. Bring him under cover, Jim;

we'll settle what to do with him there."

The other two outlaws clattered along the
bushes, in the center of the thicket, and soon
deposited the utter folly of attempting resistance, and quietly
submitted. Yet there was no trace of fear to be
read in his clear eye, nor upon his boyish face,
though the conversation of the quintette was
anything but comforting.



The stage whirled around upon two wheels, the others whizzed in the air, and all seemed lost.

It's been two days since I had a fresh drink," sharply added Three-Fingered Jack, playing thoughtfully with his knife.

"And my bullet-pouch is clean worn out," chimed in Mountain Jim, the renegade Kentuckian. "His hide looks kinder tender, and—think it'll answer, boy?"

"Bah! he laughs at you—see!" interrupted the fourth, a little smoke-dried scoundrel, whose full title would fill a column, but who was known to the family as "The Scourer," from an incident well known in Sonora. "We must put our heads together and devise something extra for this night."

"Drop it all," peremptorily cried Three-Fingers.

"We'll have our sport and turn it to profit, as we always do. As for you, you—listen to me."

The fourth outlaw, chattering on to one more easy, and while his keen eyes were peering at the young miner through his shaggy eyebrows, he lazily sliced the earth and moss with his knife.

"I don't know why—I don't slit your throat and be done with it—that's more in my line, and mayhap I'll do it yet—I make no promises, unless you choose to take the one chance which I'm going to offer you. I suppose what you're what is called *honest*—"

"Clear as mud! I may understand better when you tell me the rest," coldly replied Little Volcano.

"I said you'd make a good road-agent, with practice. You make me lie so much the worse for you. You see—"

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"Knock the impudent cur in the head!" growled Mountain Jim.

"What's your name?" continued Garcia, with a smile.

"Little Volcano," shorty replied the prisoner.

"Good enough! Now listen. You have heard of us; you know what we are. Naturally enough we don't like those whom the world calls honest men—they are not our friends, every one. They either know enough to be cowards, or else they are afraid of the consequences. You don't seem to be either. You would be an honor to our family—when you grow a little older—"

"Thank you for nothing!" sneered the young miner. "If you hadn't taken such care to tie my hands, I'd give you an answer that you couldn't make out."

"With remarkable forbearance for him, Garcia watched them moodily enough. It was to say the least, a disagreeable predicament into which he had fallen.

Joaquin Murieta and his gang of cut-throats and footpads were then a power in the mountains of California, a high and wild, wild land, where no law existed, where no man was safe, and where no man's life was of any value.

And of them all, not even Joaquin himself was feared and execrated more than Three-Fingered Jack—the fiendish human curse, who killed for the mere pleasure of slaying—whose victims—among them helpless women and children—could be numbered by the score.

All this the prisoner knew; he knew, too, that Garcia would not hesitate to put his threat into execution at the slightest provocation.

"Say, you're a scoundrel, but you're sharp, sharply. Suppose there's more than one prisoner."

"So much the worse for you. One or twenty, you must half and go through the next party that comes along a regular trail. If you do it, then you are safe for a year, or if you're a scoundrel, for a month."

Little Volcano sunk back and relapsed into moody silence. There was one chance. The trail to Hard Luck was not one noted for its travel. The patience of the outlaws might be exhausted before such as he.

This hole was crepted almost as soon as he entered. Three-Fingered Jack suddenly dropped his cards and bent his ear attentively, a grim smile curling his heavy lip. Faint and sounding from afar, the listeners could just distinguish a whistle as the lone sound wayfarer was beginning his step with a mournful tune.

"Your chance is coming, young hill-on-fire," grinned Garcia, turning to Little Volcano. "Will you take it?"

"Yes, and I must," was the sullen reply. "Set me free and give me my weapons."

"You know the consequences. I don't care, myself, how you decide," carelessly added Garcia, as he rolled over and producing a deck of well worn cards from his bootleg, the party were suddenly interrupted by a regular *click-clack*.

Little Volcano—as he had given his name—watched them moodily enough. It was to say the least, a disagreeable predicament into which he had fallen.

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"I just wanted to cover the omnambler varmints down by, so we could just nat'ly chaw 'em up an' spit 'em to thunder. But they won't come—they hasn't got no sense o' fun in 'em—not a durned bit!" said Garcia, as he crawled up the ledge, his hands clasped behind his head.

"They'll come fast enough to suit your health—don't you be uneasy on that score. If you've tramped these diggings long, you'd ought to know that Three-Fingered Jack is a baddie that doesn't lose his grub until the sun goes down. 'Tis like him to taste blood," said Little Volcano, keeping a keen watch along the ledge with pistol ready for instant use.

"All as comes won't go back agin on their own legs," quickly returned the old man. "They—"

The old man rapidly leveled his rifle, but lowered it without firing.

"They're wuss'n a forty-legged flea! A streak o'

he confined both fore-legs of the wild ass, and Manuel assisted him in securing it for the night. They had but little sleep. Every one was too anxious. They knew that, when the strange Arabs discovered the loss of their warriors, they would, in all probability, come after them in numbers far exceeding those of the Hamraus. Wherefore everybody collected his arms, and prepared for battle. The Hamraus were strapping their swords, the only weapons they used. Manuel and his friends put on their revolvers and ammunition-pouches, kept their rifles ready, and hung their swords in their belts. Ever since they had seen the Hamraus, they had had their servants at work sharpening these last, and had them as sharp as those of the Arabs, although much lighter. The Hamraus prefer heavy swords, which will deal terrible cuts, but they know very little of fencing.

That night Tom Bullard came to Curtis, with a strange request, from him.

"Jack," said he, "suppose you teach me how to use a sword. I'd at that cuss of an Arab to-night six or seven times, and the fellow poked out his shield and caught it every time, and, would you believe it, I didn't so much as cut his shield once, while Abou Hassan only gave one clip, and off came a man's hand at the wrist."

Curtis laughed. He had grown much stronger since the time the Chaco Indian had defeated him so ignominiously on the pampas. He had been practicing with Manuel, and the two had taken lessons in Paris, as they passed through, of a celebrated fencer named Robert. Moreover, he knew how to ride, military fashion, now, which is half the secret of using a sword on horseback. If the horse is not trained to obey the rein and leg, half of the swordsman's cuts are wasted in air, when his charger shies. So Jack proceeded to enlighten Tom.

"You must have cut with the flat of the blade," he said. "That's what beginners are always doing. The sword turns in their hand and they don't know it, and think it doesn't cut. I'll teach you all I know, and if you like, we'll begin to-night; for you'll want to know something to-morrow morning. At all events you can learn to cut. Leave the other men to do the guarding."

So Tom went to work at once, practicing all the cuts and thrusts, and Manuel showed him how a thrust was always best in single combat, because it kept the body covered better than a cut, besides being more dangerous.

"But, if you are beset by several people," he told him, "don't thrust, for if you run a man through, the next may cut you down before you can get your sword out; and look out you don't hit your own horse on the head, which beginners are always doing."

While Jack and Tom were practicing sword exercise, Manuel was attending to fortifying the camp with a fence of loose stones, and getting his people into order. The cowardly Egyptian camel-drivers were very much frightened, and would have run away if they had dared. The strange Arabs belonged to a tribe called the Beni Hallowin or Sons of Hallowin, dreaded by the dwellers on the borders of the desert for their ferocity. The Hamraus were always fighting them, and admitted that they were good warriors.

"But the Hamraus fear no one on earth," said Sheikh Haroun, proudly; "and we have killed many of the Beni Hallowin ere this. They are wolves of the desert, and we are the lions of the mountains. To-morrow, my sons, you shall see them scattered like the sand before the wind."

Manuel did not feel much alarm about the result of the battle. All or nearly all of his men had long Arab muskets, and he had taught them to reserve their fire till he ordered them to shoot. It was settled that in the morning, if the Beni Hallowin attacked them—Sheikh Haroun said that they were sure to do it just before daylight, if at all—Curtis and Tom Bullard were to stay in camp, as the best shots, and superintend the camel-drivers and servants, to hold them to defend the breastwork. Manuel and the Hamraus were to go out of camp on horseback, and to fall on the enemy in the rear while they were engaged in front, using the sword only.

Tom Bullard was so much attached to Manuel that he offered to lend him the wild ass to ride, which nothing else would have made him do to a soul.

"For you kin beat me riding," he admitted. "You kin beat any of us, and you kin use a sword like a ring-tailed squealer, Wiseman. If you have to shoot, though, remember what I says: git as close as ever you kin, afore you pulls trigger. One shot across a table is worth fifty 'cross lots. You see if it ain't, Wiseman. Pee be'n thar!"

The night wore away in preparation, and as the morning approached Manuel mounted the wild ass, using Tom's "patent riding-master" in case of accidents, put on over his own little gauchito saddle, in which he rode from preference. Manuel had a saber as sharp as a razor, and a pair of revolvers; and as he was now eighteen, and well grown, he looked a pretty tough customer to tackle.

He left the Hamraus in rear of the camp, standing by their horses, and rode softly around to the front, at a walk. The wild ass was quite submissive, and seemed to recognize it had found a master. The young Spaniard was out in the desert very soon, and rode softly on toward the camp of the Beni Hallowin. As he had anticipated, they were coming, bright and early. He heard low voices ahead of him and the tramp of horses, before he had gone two hundred yards away.

Manuel halted, dismounted, lay down on the sand, and looked ahead through the gloom, for it was so dark that he could see nothing from the saddle. He beheld a dense mass of dark figures on horseback outlined against the starlit sky.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 332.)

HOPE.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Avertresses for each toil, a charm for every woe;
With thy warm wings, like suns thy suns bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms the Bolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought
away!

LA MASQUE,

The Veiled Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN
SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HIDDEN FACE.

WHEN Mr. Malcolm Ormiston, with his usual good sense and penetration, took himself off, and left Leoline and Sir Norman *hors-a-lesse*, his steps turned as mechanically as the needle to the North Star toward La Masque's house. Before it he wandered, around it he wandered, like an uneasy ghost, lost in speculation about the hidden face, and fearfully impatient about the flight of time. If La Masque saw him hovering aloof and unable to tear himself away, perhaps it might touch her obstinate heart, and cause her to shorten the dreary interval, and summon him to her presence at once. Just then some one opened the door, and his heart began to beat with anticipation; some one pronounced his name, and, going over, he saw the animated bag of bones—otherwise his lady-love's vassel and porter.

"La Masque says," began the attenuated lackey, and Ormiston's heart nearly jumped out of his mouth, "that she can't have anybody hanging about her house like its shadow; and she wants you to go away, and keep away, till the time comes she has mentioned."

So saying, the skeleton shut the door, and Ormiston's heart went down to zero. There being nothing for it but obedience, however, he slowly and reluctantly turned away, feeling in his bones, that if ever he came to the bliss and ecstasy of calling La Masque Mrs. Ormiston, the gray mare in his stable would be by a long odds the better horse. Unintentionally his steps turned to the water-side, and he descended the flight of stairs, determined to get into a boat and watch the illumination from the river. Late as was the hour, the Thames seemed alive with wherries and barges, and their numerous lights dancing along the surface like fireflies over a marsh. A gay barge, gilded and cushioned, was going slowly past; and as he stood directly under the lamp, he was recognized by a gentleman within it, who leaned over and hailed him:

"Ormiston. I say, Ormiston."

"Well, my lord," said Ormiston, recognizing the handsome face and animated voice of the Earl of Rochester.

"Have you any engagement for the next half-hour? If not, do me the favor to take a seat here, and watch London in flames from the river."

"With all my heart," said Ormiston, running down to the water's edge, and leaping into the boat. "With all this bustle of life around here, one would think it were noonday instead of midnight."

"The whole city is astir about these fires. Have you any idea they will be successful?"

"Not the least. You know, my lord, the prediction runs, that the plague will rage till the living are no longer able to bury the dead."

"It will soon come to that," said the earl, shuddering slightly, "if it continues increasing much longer as it does now daily. How do the bills of mortality run to-day?"

"I have not heard. Hark! There goes St. Paul's, tolling twelve."

"And there goes a flash of fire—the first among many. Look, look! How they spring up into the black darkness."

"They will not do it long. Look at the sky, my lord."

The earl glanced up at the midnight sky, of a dull and dingy red color, except where black and heavy clouds were heaving like angry billows, all dingy with smoke and streaked with bars of inflamed fiery red.

"I see! There is a storm coming, and a heavy one! Our worthy burghers and most worshipful lord mayor will see their fires extinguished shortly, and themselves sent home with a wet jacket."

"And for weeks, almost months, there has not fallen a drop of rain," remarked Ormiston, gravely.

"A remarkable coincidence, truly. There seems to be a fatality hanging over this devoted city."

"I wonder your lordship remains?"

The earl shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"It is not so easy leaving it as you think, Mr. Ormiston; but I am to turn my back to it to-morrow for a brief period. You are aware, I suppose, that the court leaves before day-break for Oxford?"

"I believe I have heard something of it—how long to remain?"

"'Tis Old Rowlie takes it into his head to come back again," said the earl, familiarly, "which will probably be in week or two. Look at that sky, all black and scarlet; and look at those people—I scarcely thought there were half the number left alive in London."

"Even the sick have come out to-night," said Ormiston. "Half the pest-stricken in the city have left their beds, full of new-born hope. One would think it were a carnival."

"So it is—a carnival of death! I hope, Ormiston," said the earl, looking at him with a light laugh, "the pretty little white fairy we rescued from the river is not one of the sick parading the streets."

Ormiston looked grave.

"No, my lord, I think she is not. I left her safe and secure."

"Who is she, Ormiston?" coaxed the earl, laughingly. "Pshaw, man! don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill! Tell me her name?"

"Her name is Leoline."

"What else?"

"That is just what I would like to have some one tell me. I give you my honor, my lord, I do not know."

The earl's face, half-indignant, half-inclined, was wholly curious, made Ormiston smile.

"It is a positive fact, my lord. I asked her her name, and she told me Leoline—a pretty title enough, but rather unsatisfactory."

"How long have you known her?"

"To the best of my belief," said Ormiston, musingly, "about four hours."

"Nonsense!" cried the earl, energetically.

"What are you telling me, Ormiston? You said she was an old friend."

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I said no such thing. I told you she had escaped from her friends, which was strictly true."

"Then how the demon had you the impudence to come up and carry her off in that style? I certainly had a better right to her than you—the right of discovery; and I shall call upon you to deliver her up!"

"If she belonged to me I should only be too happy to oblige your lordship," laughed Ormiston; "but she is at present the property of Sir Norman Kingsley, and to him you must apply."

"Ah! His inamorata, is she? Well, I must say his taste is excellent; but I should think you ought to know her name, since you and I are noted for being a modern Damon and Pythias."

"Probably I should, my lord, only Sir Norman, unfortunately, does not know himself."

The earl's countenance looked so utterly blank at this announcement that Ormiston was forced to throw in a word of explanation.

"I mean to say, my lord, that he has fallen in love with her; and, judging from appearances, I should say his flame is not altogether hopeless, although they have met to-night for the first time."

"A rapid passion. Where have you left her, Ormiston?"

"In her own house, my lord," said Ormiston replied, smiling quietly to himself.

"Where is that?"

"About a dozen yards from where I stood when you called me."

"Who are her family?" continued the earl, who seemed possessed of a devouring curiosity.

"She has none that I know of. I imagine Mistress Leoline is an orphan. I know there was not a living soul but ourselves in the house I brought her to."

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The New Romance

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

VIZ.:

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OR,

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A ROMANCE OF PHILADELPHIA,

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While we want our paper to be read and enjoyed, we do not care to see it peddled from house to house to save some sordid soul six cents, but prefer that those who prize the JOURNAL should say *no!* to every borrower who is able to buy it for him or herself.

A lady in Central Ohio, remitting to renew her subscription, has to say:

"I would like to get up a club for you if I could, but it seems as though everybody thinks they can borrow my papers and save their money. I am getting tired of these forever borrowing, never returning people."

We should think you would get tired of such friends. Give them early notice to *quit*; or, if your good nature and kind heart forbid this, then subscribe for a *lending* copy, and let it do its benevolent work of saving six cents per week to half the village.

Sunshine Papers.

Peculiar People.

STYLE I.

"THANK MY stars, Roland, we are nearly ready at last. This going to the country is a dreadful undertaking. Yes, truly dreadful! You need not smile. You men know nothing about the crushing cares that burden a woman at such a time. Think of the driving to Stewart's, and Taylor's, and Constable's, day after day, and turning over counters full of goods, and sweltering with the heat while you select fringes and embroideries and hosiery. And then the dressmaking, and the packing! Let me see—there are fifteen trunks. Fifteen! Yes, seven Saratogas, four leather, and four canvas-covered. Oh, yes; fifteen is correct, I know; and just think of the packing; besides there is a hamper and three sachets. And each of the servants has a trunk; that makes seventeen trunks. Pray do not forget, Roland, that the expressman is to take away seventeen trunks and the hamper. The servants can carry the sachets."

"Could I not do with less luggage? Why, Roland, what are you thinking of? Myself and two children, to stay five weeks at a place, must have something to wear. And Dottie and Pettie each wear three white dresses a day, to say nothing of other clothes that need to be changed quite as frequently. I do love to see the little darlings look fresh as rosebuds, and more elegant than other people's."

"Dottie! you little wretch, what are you doing to that new cardinal sash! Go to Janet and get it tied immediately! Pettie, you are enough to plague the life out of me! Come here and see to this child; she has been playing against her father's boots and rubbed all the blacking off on those valenciennes ruffles. Now I hope you see, Roland, what some of my trials are, and how many clothes it takes to keep the children decent. And you want them to look nice, I am sure. It has always been said that our children outdress any on the Park; and I mean they shall look finer than any at the hotel. I shall send all the washing home in hampers. Think what a saving that will be to you. I am very economical, you must acknowledge, Roland. It is not every wife—

"Oh! Janet! Ann! Janet! Do either of you know whether Dottie's new Lethorn, the one that came from Madame Mode's this morning, was packed? It was? You are sure? That is such a weight off my mind. I happened to think that it might have been forgotten. Now I know that the cherubs have a hat to match every sash—that is fourteen hats and sashes apiece."

"Roland, I've put in your white smoking-jacket and your velvet one, and—There's the expressman! Pettie, if you do not keep out of my way, I'll box your ears soundly! Seventeen trunks, Roland, and charge the man to see that they all get there as soon as we do; for the babies will have to put on fresh dresses to eat their suppers in, and I shall need a dinner toilet."

"So those are off. I do hope the carriages will not be behindhand. I like plenty of time, I cannot bear to hurry and fret. Naturally I am very calm and collected. Janet, are the

children's silver cups in the sachel? No? What a lazy, careless girl you are! How did you imagine the pets were ever going to get a drink? I should suppose you had sense enough to know that my blessed children cannot be treated like anybody's children! Go, put the cups in immediately. No, Dottie, you cannot pull off my bracelets! Now stop that squalling, or I'll put you in the street and let the ash-man cart you away. Yes, as I was saying, Roland, no one knows what a martyr I am to 'going in the country'; it is cheering, however, to know that I shall outshine everyone at the hotel. Only a mother's devotion could support me through all these trials. What is the matter, Dottie? Roland, why do you not take off your watch for the darling to play with? You are not at all like me. I never think of crossing their wishes; but there is nothing like maternal love,

"Ah, here are the carriages. Janet, Ann, are you ready? Where is my valiadrette? Go look for it, one of you; and oh, my fan, Janet! Ann, why did you not have those children fixed? Roland, pray see if my gloves are in your pocket. Oh, dear, I'm sure we shall miss the train. If only you were all like me, ready in time!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

CRUSTS.

A PERPLEXED mother asks, in some of the papers, why children will eat the soft part of the bread and leave the crust! It is simple question and easily answered. It is because we all like easy things and reject the hard. There is no trouble in masticating a soft piece of bread, but it is somewhat hard to divide a crust with the teeth; just so it is easy for us to fall into a comfortable fortune; but ten times as hard if we have to work for it.

The view from yonder mountain must be "superb" and what a grand prospect we should have if we could but reach the summit and gaze all about us; but the fatigue of climbing is too much for us; so we wish that mountain would just come down to us. If we could walk along a smooth path and obtain the same view we might walk on, but ascending a mountain is work, and so we gaze about upon its landscape but reject the idea of reaching the apex. It is too *crusty* for us.

We read of the heathen and the cannibals in foreign lands, and we pity their condition. It doesn't cost much to say "I pity them." The expense is not much more if you give money to better their condition and the gratification of seeing one's name down on a subscription list for some worthy object is exceeding great but we couldn't think of penetrating into those heathen lands; so we content ourselves by saying that we do not think ourselves worthy to be a messenger of such glad tidings as we ought to carry, with the real truth of the matter, we haven't the courage to go. If we were sure that the savages would treat us kindly, and fall into our views at once, without any trouble, we might be willing to go immediately. That is the soft part of the bread. But, the savages might love us so much that they might literally devour us and, though pleasant to them, it wouldn't be quite so agreeable to us. That's where the hard part of the crust grates against our teeth.

Many a man would like to be a sailor and "plow the raging main" if the main would be quite so condescending and obliging as not to rage quite so much while he is busy with his nautical plow. You have probably heard of the schoolmaster who was at sea in a storm and exclaimed: "If Columbus *does* rule the world, the savages might love us so much that they might literally devour us and, though pleasant to them, it wouldn't be quite so agreeable to us. That's where the hard part of the crust grates against our teeth.

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SONG FOR A WEARY HOUR.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

So that Love is satisfied,
What though all the world beside
Scatter frowns?
All the world beside is Hate;
Hate can never consecrate
Grief.
Which upon white forehead rest,
Hunting more than is confess,
Showing how true love is blest.

So that He is glorified
By thy work, oh soul so tried!
Falter not!
He will lead you to the end;
He will ever richly send
Love for you to hold, and send
Where forgot.
Is the soul of man who gave
Life and love that He might save
Men from doom beyond the grave.

So that Life is sanctified
Through travail and magnified,
Work each day.
Let thy lips no murmur dole;
Strong as waves adverse may roll,
Just beyond them lies the goal!
Work and pray.
That, when sets thy earthly sun,
Thou mayst greet the Holy One,
Hearing those sweet words: "Well done!"

The Men of '76.

MARION,

The Swamp Fox.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

FRANCIS MARION came of Huguenot parentage. When the Huguenots fled from France in the year 1685, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve, numbers of them settled in South Carolina, and from that excellent stock sprung some of the country's most admirable families.

Francis was one of the seven children of Gabriel Marion and Charlotte Cordes, whose parents were Huguenot exiles. He was the youngest of the flock, born at Winyah, near Georgetown, S. C., in the year 1732. Through all his youth he was so small in body as to excite fears for his early death, but at twelve he began to mend, and though always 'under size' in stature he developed in his young manhood those powers of endurance that made him the almost tireless rider and unconquerable spirit of the Revolution. At fifteen Marion's spirit of adventure led him to ship on a little schooner in the West India trade. This vessel sprung a leak at sea and soon foundered. The crew hurried to the small boat with no provisions or water whatever, and for six days suffered, under a burning sun, such terrible tortures that four of the party died. Marion, happily for his country, survived, and that hard experience cured his taste for the sea. He was content on the plantation, and there remained a patient worker until the Cherokee war of 1760 called him to the public service. He was in the severe battle of Etowah, of that year, in which the English regulars and the Colonial volunteers were but half-successful, leaving the Indians ready for war in 1761, when Colonels Grant and Middleton led the force sent against their towns. At the second battle of Etowah Marion, as lieutenant of volunteers in the company of Captain Moultrie, led the forlorn hope into the pass, on whose thickly-wooded sides the watchful savages were well ambushed in all their strength. Marion's advance developed their positions, and in the sanguinary battle that followed every man seemed a hero. Marion's wonderful courage commanded attention.

Out of the thirty men whom he led into the file twenty-one fell at the first fire! These were the first offerings only of that red field. From ten until two o'clock, on that 7th day of June, the contest raged on that one spot. Then the regulars went in with the bayonet, and the savages leaping from tree to tree before that resistless charge, were cut off, one by one, by the deadly rifles of the provincials. The pass was won, and the Cherokee villages were soon all in flames, their corn-fields laid waste, their orchards ruined. It was an awful punishment, at which Marion's kindly heart shuddered. In a letter to Weems, his biographer, he drew a pathetic picture of the devastation wrought, and pictured the little Indian children "peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes" "to mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and happy fields where they had so often played. 'Who did this?' they will ask their mothers. 'The white people did it,' the mothers reply; 'the Christians did it!'

It was a deplorable but necessary visitation. The fierce spirit of the savage was utterly broken by it, and the South Carolina border thereafter had peace. The same work was wrought by Sullivan in his invasion of the Six Nations' country (1779) around the New York lakes, in retaliation for their shocking atrocities on the Northern frontier; and also by Wayne, in his celebrated campaign in the Ohio (Miami) country, (1794)—most unchristian but very effectual methods of punishment of the implacable redman.

Marion returned to his farm again, after this arduous summer campaign, and there remained—growing daily in the regards of the people for his amiable character and interest in the welfare of the colony. He was sent, by his constituents in Berkeley county, to the Provincial Congress, called in 1775, to consider the great questions of the hour. That Congress spoke with no uncertain sound. It was patriotic to the echo. While the great colonies of New York and Pennsylvania wavered and sought for compromise, South Carolina, by her Bill of Rights and other acts gave glorious proof of her readiness for the struggle for Liberty. The public armory at Charleston, by order of that Congress, was broken open and its arms and munitions withdrawn for use in the hands of patriots; the powder at Hobeau was seized; the arms at Cochran's magazine secured; committee of safety and correspondence established, and the organization of two regiments ordered. Of one, Moultrie, Marion's old Captain, was made Colonel, when, answering to Moultrie's wish, Marion, and the gallant Peter Horry—afterward to become so noted in the field—were invited to take Captain's commands. They both assented, and soon recruited their sixty men each—many of them drawn from the best families in the colony.

Moultrie's first duties in Charleston harbor we already have described. In the execution Marion's company actively participated. He was soon made Major of the regiment, and as such participated in the glorious defense of the fort or Sullivan's island (June 20th, 1776)—afterward very properly named Fort Moultrie. During this defense, and in the midst of the bombardment, Moultrie's supply of powder having run out, Marion, under fire, with a small party, proceeded to the schooner Defense and brought safely into the fort a supply that set the guns all at work again. It is related that Marion's own eye sighted the last gun fired at the retreating fleet. The ball entering the cabin window of the British fifty-gun ship cut clear through her, from stem to stern, com-

ing out at her bows and making dreadful havoc. It was called "Marion's good-by shot."

This victory freed South Carolina from British presence for three years. The regiments were kept in active duty watching the enemy in Savannah, the Indians on the border, and the Tories at home. These Tories were thickly scattered over all the State and gave the patriots great trouble by their ceaseless acts of hostility and treachery, and their almost constant communication with the enemy. When Lincoln advanced against Savannah, to support D'Eastaing [see sketches of Lincoln and Pulaski] Marion's regiment fully participated in the siege and bloody assault. At the subsequent siege of Charleston, by Sir Henry Clinton (Feb., 1780) Marion was fortunately for himself, on the sick list, and when the siege commenced he was sent home for cure. He thus escaped to become the partisan leader, to fight for the despairing liberties of his State when British insolence was supreme and Tories glutted their vengeance on the homes, families and persons of the patriots by every species of brutal persecution and outrage. Murder, maraud, the incendiary torch, robbery, violence, everywhere prevailed. Tarleton and Wemyss rode with their fierce dragoons backward and forth, destruction marking their course. The timid were, by such terrible usage, driven to take out a "protection" by first swearing allegiance to the British crown; the unyielding were seized as prisoners and borne to a miserable captivity in Charleston dungeons. Their wives and daughters were shockingly insulted and their estates devastated. Even the stout-hearted Horry despaired, but Marion, with cleared vision, saw that such monstrous wrong would rouse that spirit of retaliation and animosity against British rule which alone could save the State.

Proceeding with Horry to Gates' command at Camden with the brave and prudent De Kalb, he most earnestly protested against their accepting general battle with Cornwallis, but Gates, with almost insatiable impetuosity, accepted battle and was ruined (Aug. 16th, 1780). Another fine army was scattered by that blow, and both the Carolinas literally lay at the feet of the conqueror.

Marion escaped—having been dispatched by Gates to destroy all boats on the Santee river to prevent Cornwallis' retreat!

Returning to his people, in four days' time he was drilling a little band of unflinching hearts, at Linch's creek. He then began to organize, for the only species of war possible, a mounted guerrilla force. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, never wavering in his faith in the cause, commissioned Marion a Brigadier and assigned all that section of the State to his command. While Sumter, "the Game Cock," operated with a similar brigade of "irregulars" in the "upper country," among the hills [see sketch of Sumter], the "Swamp Fox" as Tarleton soon nicknamed the little general—haunted the morasses of the Pee Dee and Black rivers, occasionally passing the Santee to cut off detachments and dispatches between Charles-ton and Camden.

Marion's "brigade" grew rapidly. Patriots finding a rallying point, rode in from all quarters—old men and young, from every walk of life—all inspired by desperation, and incited to hate by the outrages they had witnessed or endured. The spirit of Marion's calm courage pervaded the ranks. Saws were turned into sabers by willing blacksmiths; rifles were in the hands of all, but pistols were only for the few; and, seeking the fastnesses of the morasses, the brigade soon began its work of re-deeming the State.

The enemy were amazed. Where he thought to find abject submission, suddenly arose a foe whose stroke no "regular" procedure could avert. Lying in the swamps by day, at night the brigade would sally forth, to deal a terrible blow at some British detachment or post, cut it to pieces, scatter and dissolve as a brigade in order to avoid pursuit, return singly or in small squads to the swamp rendezvous, to be ready for another sally the next night, or to ride fifty miles away to another swamp lair, under cover of the night, and thus utterly distract and confound the oppressor. Caution became second nature; endurance was sometimes tasked to the utmost; obedience to Marion's orders was implicit, and faith in his leadership perfect.

A record of the exploits and achievements of Marion's men would fill out many a column. To Tories they soon grew to be an especial terror, for, stung to revenge by the insults and injuries heaped upon patriots by these detestable "loyalists," the men of the brigade made short work of them when they swooped down on a Tory covert or British camp. Then the keen swords fashioned out of saws were sure to cut the wretch through to the breast. After Marion's men had passed many a headless corpse lined.

Of course this wild life was one of incessant danger, privation and toil. The General fare-dyed as the troopers of his command. The best repast was hog and hominy; often sweet potatoes was the only food; tea and coffee were unknown; beef was a luxury rarely enjoyed. The march and onslaught usually were by night. The camp was in some swamp island, access to which could only be obtained by a guide, through slough, stream and jungle. If the rendezvous was discovered, through too close pursuit, or by betrayal of some stealthy spy—and the whole country was infested with these human vermin earning British gold by betraying the country—the rude camp would be suddenly abandoned. Another retreat, long before chosen by some vigilant swamp scout, or indicated by the faithful negro slave, who seemed by instinct to know where were the best hiding-places, would give the brigade temporary security and afford a new base of operations. Friends as well as foes he found, everywhere. Many a man, indeed, who, to watchful, suspicious eyes appeared to be an honest farmer and neutral, would at dusk disappear, either to ride with the brigade on some dashing onslaught, or to bear news to Marion of the enemy's movements and whereabouts. It was these informants who often told the night-riders when and where to strike, and how to avoid Marion's most vigilant enemy—Tarleton.

This daring cavalryman was pitted against the "wild brigade." He resorted to stratagem when pursued, to draw his adversary out, and finally nearly succeeded, and was hot on "the Fox's" heels, when Cornwallis called him off to attend to Sumter, whose almost desperate exploits were giving the lord both anxiety for his posts and work for his hard-pressed dragoons.

When Greene appeared before Camden, to try to save the South, and restore what Gates had lost, Marion and Sumter were ready to co-operate. Harry Lee was sent to reinforce Marion and together they made a dash on Fort Watson, capturing that post, much to Lord Rawdon's chagrin. The menacing attitude of Greene on his front, and of Marion on his flank, compelled Rawdon to abandon Camden, after burning an immense amount of his own property and stores, and leaving the town, (May 10th, 1781,) in flames as he passed

out. Then his posts began to fall. Marion and Lee, watchful as hawks, pounced down on Fort Moultrie between Camden and Ninety-six, and captured it, and Greene, now well equipped with arms, guns and ammunition from the captured fort, laid siege (May 22d) to the powerful post of Ninety-six, garrisoned by "royalists" from New Jersey and New York, and commanded by a native of New York, Col. Cruger. Rawdon tried to save it. It was a brilliant game of chess—Lee, Marion, Sumter and Pickens, with their brigades "on the fly," Rawdon steadily moving on; Greene, not strong enough to stand a stroke, made a hurried dash at the fortress, then retired to Bush River; Rawdon pursued, but gave up and became the pursued. Greene's detachments closing in upon him at Orangeburg, (July 10th,) offered fight; Rawdon wouldn't venture, and ordered forward Col. Cruger, with 1,100 fresh men; Greene then, in turn, retired—his men literally used up by campaigning under that sun.

But while resting his infantry, Greene ordered Sumter, Marion, Lee and the Hamptons to carry the war up to the very gates of Charleston, then to reunite with the main command on the high hills of Santee. These orders were followed by a series of bewildering brilliant movements and exploits, in which Marion's brigade suffered severe losses.

Marion, strengthened by Col. Washington's fine dragoons, soon held all the lower Santee, and Greene, though not reinforced, resolved to strike the enemy's strong camp beyond the Wateree. Stuart, now the British commander, abandoned the camp and took position near Eutaw Springs. Greene pursued. Marion came up, and by Sept. 7th the movement against Stuart commenced. Sept. 8th the bloody and memorable battle of Eutaw was fought—ending in Stuart's partial defeat and retreat, with very heavy losses. Greene vainly begged for men enough to drive the enemy wholly within Charleston, but Washington, then moving for the greater game of bagging Cornwallis, had no men to spare for lesser work; so Marion's brigade could only wait and watch. They were ever on the alert, and gave the enemy no peace. Slowly the British retired toward Charleston, and when Cornwallis fell into Washington's hands, at Yorktown, the enemy closed into Charleston, to await the final sequel of peace. When Greene marched into the city, so long in the enemy's possession, and the scene of so much that is sad for patriots to recall, Marion was in that cavalcade of defenders—the man, next to Moultrie, of all that host, most beloved by the people. His work was done—his State was thenceforth free.

The great length of our sketch forbids us to dwell minutely upon his after most useful and honorable life. Retiring from the field, at the close of the war, he did not cease to serve the State. He continued to hold his militia commission, and by frequent "trainings" kept alive the martial spirit. He also represented his parish in the State Senate, and sat in the convention of 1790 for forming a State Constitution.

In all these various services he well discharged his duty. His death occurred Feb. 27th, 1795. The State which he had so honored and served failed to mark his resting place by a proper monument, and a modest stone tomb, erected by a private citizen, over his remains in the family homestead burial place, is all that indicates where the great partisan sleeps.

Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VERY BRIGHT BUBBLE.

"I WOULD like to know your intentions," repeated Redmond Rhodes, in a voice which sounded greatly like a threat. "If you love and intend to marry this young lady, I am your friend, and will go with you at once, as I said, to the rector."

"I cannot obtain a license at this late hour," Mr. Rhodes' was the answer, in a hoarse voice.

"It will not be necessary. A marriage, before witnesses, in this State, is a legal marriage. I will see you safely through the affair."

Thinking that Harold was about to yield to his demand, Redmond's stern tones grew gentler; there thrilled through them a vibration of sadness caught by the quick ears of the girl. Even in that supreme moment of love, fear, suspense, agitation, she shot a velvety glance at the man who was so nobly caring for her best welfare, and thought, with triumph, that he, too, had been chained to her chariot wheels. Yet, even at that moment, deep as was her infatuation with Fraser Harold—perfect, beyond all imagined perfection, as he was in her eyes—there darted through the busy brain of the beautiful coquette the idea that, if she lost him whom she preferred to all others, she would not be without the chance of a husband, and a splendid one!

Perhaps it was this consciousness which prevented her fainting from the excess of her emotions; for, to a vain woman, the flitting of a man's love, even though she be entirely indifferent to him, is incense so exhilarating as to enable her to endure much.

Finally Harold reached out and took one of the little hands extended to him, saying in that soft, low, passion-fraught voice which he knew so well how to use:

"My love, surely I do not need to assure you of my intentions! If you do not trust me fully, unreservedly, then your love for me is not what I thought it was. My friend Rhodes means well. But he is hurrying us in a rather peremptory manner. Do you think, my darling, that I ought to be hastened—without any preparation, or even consulting my parents—into a marriage? I leave it to you. You shall decide for both of us."

A deep flush passed over the dark, spirited face of the girl. It was cruel of Fraser, circumstanced as she was—to force the decision as to how she should act in a dilemma of this kind, upon her!

She knew that he wanted her to refuse for

him Mr. Rhodes' settlement of their difficulties—and yet, what, what could she do? Go back under the roof of this strange gentleman, who had not even a sister to give her countenance?—while Fraser had sisters and a mother to whom he could take her if he would! A look of desperation passed over her beautiful face.

"Kill me, Fraser," she murmured, drooping piteously before him. "If you do not want me, nobody wants me!—I am out of place in the world."

"Scoundrel!" muttered Rhodes, in his neighbor's ear. "You will have to answer to me for your conduct. I am this young lady's brother from this hour forward. So, look out! You wed her to-night, or you part from her forever. I will see that she is placed with friends. Now, look at her, and take your choice."

As he spoke the bells of the city pealed ten o'clock.

"Oh, Fraser, do not forsake me!" pleaded Florence.

"I cannot give you up, the devil knows," was his half-angry response. "You have twisted your threads about me until you have me a prisoner. Well, what will you have? You are externally pretty and taking; but not just the lady I would have chosen for the wife of a Harold. Never mind that, now. The mischief is done. My friend here is a man of honor, and he tells me I ought to marry you. It may be so. I yield to his superior wisdom—and my wife's charms! In return—my Lady Harold, and you, Mr. Rhodes!—will it be too much if I exact a promise that our marriage shall be kept a secret between us three and the clergyman for a few weeks?—only a few weeks. You will consider, friend Rhodes, that my father is in a critical condition and that any sudden shock—especially if an unpleasant one—may finish him. On that account, and some others important only to myself, I would exact a promise that this wild and hurried marriage be kept a secret for the present. Do you agree?"

"I agree to anything, dear Fraser," murmured Florence.

Redmond Rhodes did not yield his answer so readily; but, after some reflection, he replied:

"I will promise to keep the secret until, in my judgment, your father is in fit condition to be informed of it—no longer. Should he die, I shall be at liberty to promulgate it as soon after his death as I think proper. And I trust you will not be ashamed of this little girl, friend Fraser; and that you will treat her as she deserves to be treated, and as a good husband ought to treat his honored and beloved wife."

"Yours is a preacher born, Redmond Rhodes! I only wonder you never took to the robes!" cried Harold, gayly, and he offered his arm to the trembling girl with all his customary graceful *emprise*—the decision having been reached, his spirits rose—no more doubt or embarrassment now! If the little one were indeed to marry him, and his best friend determined to have her, why! they must take the consequences! He did not intend to be responsible for anybody's suffering or pleasure but his own. It would be heavenly, for a time, to live with and love this glorious, fairy creature, whose eyes were made of dark and dew, with molten diamonds flashing through; whose lips were sweeter than the sweets of flower-buds in June's languorous heats.

"What shall we do? Where shall we go? Lead on, Macduff!"

"Perhaps, since you enjoin secrecy"—Redmond's grave tones were in strong contrast to the gayety of his neighbor's—"it will be best for you to come over into my house. I can send a note to Dr. Brown; he will come at my request, and the ceremony can be performed with closed doors—in my library."

"Good!" assented Fraser, "the arrangement could not be improved upon."

"Then, come at once, or the note will find the rector in his bed."

Mr. Rhodes led the way, and the three crossed over and entered his door, the maiden now clinging silently and timidly to her lover's arm. No one, except James, who had accompanied his master home, saw the little party enter the house; they slipped into the library, closing and locking the door.

"I will give you a letter to take to the rector for me, in a moment, James," said Mr. Rhodes. "If Mrs. Plimpton wants to know if I have any orders, tell her no—that she can rely on me at once."

"Very soon the important note was written and dispatched; and then the writer stole a covert look at the lovers. Both seemed a little pale and *distract*, but Fraser was the most so."

"Mr. Rhodes," asked the bride-to-be, "how long will it be before the arrival of—of—the clergyman?"

"Twenty minutes, perhaps."

"Then, may I run up-stairs and change my dress? This is a black dress, and I would not like to be married in black."

"Quite right. But do not keep us waiting."

In just twenty minutes Florence came down. The housekeeper was in her room—Florence heard her there

"And here is a ring to guard the wedding-ring," continued the bridegroom, taking from his vest-pocket a splendid solitaire diamond ring and placing it on the tiny, dimpled finger, where a band of plain gold already glittered—a ring Florence had worn for some time and hastily adopted, the previous evening, to meet the emergency. The dimpled finger seemed almost too frail for the magnificent gem with which the husband encircled it.

"Your wardrobe is limited," continued the lavish lover. "You must amuse yourself, days when I cannot come to you, buying new dresses, bonnets and shawls," and he playfully urged into her hand a well-filled wallet.

Florence's eyes shone more brightly than her diamonds. She would have been wild with bliss anywhere with Fraser; but she dearly loved finery, too; luxury, idleness, were cravings of her temperament; to adorn her beauty, and have it admired, her fondest duty.

The center room of the suite of three was to be used as their private dining-room; and here, in a couple of hours, a small table was laid for two, adorned with a profusion of flowers, and waited upon by two silent attendants, while the dinner, fit for the bridal banquet, comprising the costliest delicacies within the power of a Delmonico to furnish, was served *à la Russe*.

And thus in a fairy world, where all was different from the life she had led as a girl in a dull country village—in a fairy world of luxury, of careless ease, of youthful passion and bliss, with no thought for the morrow, but only the expectation of a long reign of idle pleasure, the honeymoon rose splendidly for Florence.

Alas! before the term of that magic honeymoon was over she had shed many bitter tears—learned many bitter truths. Before it had waned into darkness she had longed, with aching heart, more than once, for the dull peace and safety of her village home.

CHAPTER XIV.

STRUGGLING TO BREAK THE TOILS.

The pretense of an engagement was only a *ruse* of the baronet's to get M. Goldenough away from the gaming-table. The three walked out, and over into the pleasure-grounds, where crowds of idlers were sitting under the trees, at little tables where refreshments were served, or pacing up and down avenues lighted with colored lamps. The music of an excellent band, playing the delicious Strauss waltzes, floated airily over all, between the gay earth and the far, pure, steady stars. Violet looked up to those pure stars, shining unwaveringly in the dark-blue ether, wishing, with a wild, wordless spasm of pain, that she was up there among their bright company, or somewhere out of this strange, foreign atmosphere of smoke and beer, of a mockery of gayety, of fictitious glare like that of the stained lights.

Homesickness, deep and deadly, was upon her. Fear, dread, terror of she knew not what, hung about her like the formless shadow of some huge approaching, but as yet unseen, ill. The baronet had offered her his arm, with a smile that made her turn cold with aversion; and to escape the necessity of taking it, she had quickly slipped her hand over her father's arm; but this was nearly as disagreeable to her. Sir Israel had only smiled the more uncomfortably; and so they had walked on, without speaking, until, reaching a table under the trees in a more quiet part of the park, the baronet asked them if they would rest here a little while, and have an ice.

M. Goldenough placed his daughter in a chair on one side of the small round table; Sir Israel sat opposite, with the father between them. An order was given for the ices.

"How very pale mademoiselle is to-night," remarked the nobleman. "I trust, M. Goldenough, that what I said to you yesterday has nothing to do with the loss of her usual bloom."

"I am not well; I do not think the air of the place agrees with me," Violet forced herself to say.

Sir Israel leaned his folded arms on the table, and kept his small, black, beady eyes fixed upon her, with a smile, that was most like a leer, intended to express his unbounded admiration—perhaps something more tender than admiration. Violet shuddered inwardly, sitting there like a marble image, never raising her eyes.

The baronet was a person of "uncertain age" as they say of spinsters; some thought him fifty, others vowed he was seventy, if a day. He was very rich, and very mean, and very ugly—ugly in features and temper. He lived on the continent a good part of the year, because he could live more cheaply than on his estates. He had a passion for watching others play, but never himself ran any risks. He had black eyes which revealed little of his thoughts, a Jewish nose, an ugly under-lip, a small, lean, bent figure, quick motions, dyed his hair and beard, was dreaded in financial operations as one equally unscrupulous and successful, and had as little about him of the better part of human nature as it was possible to have, and not be actually guilty of atrocious crimes. He was too cunning to do things forbidden by law; but anything which could be twisted to be within legal limits, which avarice or inborn wickedness prompted, he would do. Ever since they came he had had his sinister eyes on the pompous American and his beautiful daughter. He could have told, as accurately as the player, what his gains had been in that time. He made up his mind that M. Goldenough was much richer than he was. For once his shrewdness was at fault—the overpowering, patronizing manners of the banker had given generally the impression that he was a person of immense wealth and importance.

Also, after remaining eighteen years a widower, he had resolved to marry *la belle Americaine*, if such an achievement were possible. It was not love; nor even the passion of men for women; but another phase of his avarice that urged him to the resolve—the avarice which craved the best and most beautiful for his own.

As one man will love the finest picture, not for love of art, but to have it said that *he owns it*—or another, the horse which has made his mile in half a second less than any other of his race ever made it—so the baronet, seeing how the city was going wild over the delicate bloom, the reserved charms, the fair perfection of the American banker's peerless child, coveted her for his own.

"I have not spoken to my daughter of your flattering proposition," remarked M. Goldenough, suavely. "I can reveal it to her now as well as any time. Violet, my dear, Sir Israel Benjamin does you the great honor to offer you his heart and hand."

Violet cast a startled look from one to the other of the two men.

"You do not understand me?" repeated M. Goldenough, with a cruel smile. "Sir Israel, our noble friend here, does you the great honor to offer you his hand in marriage.

"It is my daughter's first offer," he continued, a moment later, turning blandly to the baronet; "it surprises her, and she has not the self-possession to meet it as she would like to. You must pardon much to her youth and inexperience."

"Divine fault of modesty and innocence!"

How can I but admire and forgive a hesitation so angelic?" murmured Sir Israel, rolling up his eyes and clasping his hands, as if paying his devotions to a saint.

All this time the large blue eyes of the girl were dilating, and her sweet, pure face growing whiter; aversion, horror, and fear were painted on it, as shadows of distorted demons were thrown from a magic-lantern on the blank surface of the screen. To have saved her life she could not have uttered a word. But as she glanced from one face to the other of those two heartless men, and realized how completely she was in their power—as she saw the mad exultation in the smile of the father whom she felt, hated her, and saw the pleasure he took in her misery—she turned cold, from head to foot, with a deep, sickening fear of she hardly knew what. Then involuntarily, she cast an appealing look at the stolid waiter who was placing the ices on the table, and around upon the strange foreign people who would and could do nothing for her. Oh, for her own dear, kind father s—s as she called Mr. Vernon—arms about her! Oh, to be safe under the old roof-tree! But, alas! everything here was alien, and she was like a poor little mouse under the belly of the cat that tortures it. M. Goldenough's stealthy paw reached out to give her another paralyzing pat.

"I will answer for her, Sir Israel, that she deeply feels the honor you have done her, gratefully accepts your offer; and consents to a rather unseemly hastening of the marriage solely on account of our proposed departure from Bandon."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said the old baronet, trying to take one of the little cold hands in his own, but which recoiled from his touch with a gesture which brought a malicious gleam into the small black eyes, "than to go with mademoiselle before the mayor, to-morrow. Can we not so arrange it?"

"Not to-morrow, Sir Israel. We will not hurry the poor child so much as that. These young ladies must be humored. This is Friday. On Tuesday I leave for Italy and Egypt. On Monday, then, let us say, the civil and religious ceremonies may both be performed. Did I understand you, Sir Israel, that you will, with your bride, accompany me on my projected tour?"

"That will be as mademoiselle decides. I am her slave. She has but to express a preference, for me to obey her wishes."

"Very well—" suddenly Violet had found her voice; driven to desperation, the gentle girl turned like a wild creature at bay—"obey me in this, then, Sir Israel Benjamin—never speak to me again! My father *knows* that I will not marry you—that I will kill myself!"

Both gentlemen laughed softly. M. Goldenough took a few spoonfuls of his Roman ice, glancing slyly at his friend, meantime; but making no other reply than that mocking laugh to the wild declaration of the daughter whom he delighted to torture. Presently he said:

"My dear, your ice has melted, and you have not tasted it. Come, we will go home to our apartments. You will need to rest and reflect. Sir Israel, will you walk with us?"

"No further to-night, thank you, M. Goldenough. I will see you in the morning, at eleven."

"Very well. We will arrange all the preliminaries to-morrow. Of course you understand the affair is settled."

Violet arose as they did. It was with a violent effort that she prevented herself from screaming—from darting away and flinging herself into the first danger that appeared—anywhere, to get away from her companions. She restrained herself, for she said to herself, "If I am quiet, and try to think, perhaps I may escape the more certainly."

She was terribly frightened; yet conscious of a steady resolution to defy and thwart. For the first time in her innocent life she became crafty and cunning, under the pressure of a fearful need. When Sir Israel again attempted to take her hand, she gave it to him, but with her eyes cast down lest he should read their expression.

"Good!" he said, lifting the passive fingers to his lips; "you do not hate me so much as you pretend, mademoiselle. Good-night, and fine dreams. Cannot you wish me the same, my fair lady?"

"I wish you a good night's sleep, Sir Israel," she forced herself to answer.

"Ten thousand thanks, my beautiful bride-to-be."

"Violet," said M. Goldenough, as he conducted her along the cool, dimly-lighted street, after escaping the crowds in the park, "I wish you would reconcile yourself at once to the marriage I have arranged for you. There is no use in resistance or rebellion. I have determined upon it—that is enough. Make any clamorous outcry or troublesome refusal, and I will clap you into the cell of a mad-house, from which you will never emerge until you are old and gray, if ever at all. Your friends will never have a hint o' your place of concealment."

"They threw their torches aside, but kept up a random firing upon the old borderman, without any effect whatever. Dan, however, at once perceived their object: it was to hold him there while others were being sent around the head of the canon to attack the ranger in the rear.

Humility had escaped by breaking through the enemy's line, and passing around the gorge, soon joined his master, in the wildest delight.

"Bully for you, pup," exclaimed the ranger, beside himself with joy; "I war mortal afraid you'd git it plugged to your system, ole dorg; but—"

"Bow-wow?" barked the dog.

"Dan-yil," exclaimed a voice in the old man's ear, and a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXV.

KIT RANDY KNOCKS UNDER.

DAKOTA DAN at once recognized the voice that addressed him. It was that of Kit Bandy.

"Friend Kit," said the ranger, "how does it come that you are here?"

"Great horn of Joshua, Dan-yil! I am out reconnomerin'."

"Wal, I am glad to meet you, for I've found the boy—the young captain—and the robbers have found me. They got me penned up awfawt them gorges awhile ago, but I got away by doin' somethin' I couldn't do ag'in to save my life!"

"Thar's no tellin', Dan-yil, what a man can do or stand, till he's been married as I have been. Married life, Dan—"

"Harkee, man, harkee! The vagrants are comin' down this side of the gorge; the pup tells me so."

"Then a heilther locality is sum'at desirabil," replied Kit, and turning he led the boy back from the gorge with a silence that surprised Dakota Dan.

After he had gone a dozen rods or so, Bandy stopped and said:

"You say Captain Idaho Tom's at the dasted sinners' camp?"

"Ya-as; haltered up to a tree, hand and foot."

"What can we two do to'r'd releasing him? Can't I stand back in the woods and yell and holler and make 'em believe an army's comin', while you sail into camp, lick the outlaws and release the captin'—couldn't we do this like a charm, Dan-yil?"

"Wal, now," said Dan, reflectively, "we could, in case I war able to do my part, and you war able to impress the robbers with the b'lief that you war an army."

Her thoughts turned to Mr. Vernon and Charlie. Where was Charlie? Why had he not come to her rescue before this? He could not love her as she loved him or he would have found some way to trace her and watch over her welfare. M. Goldenough conducted her to her room, bowed, and turned the key on her. Why even this habit of locking her up, had it been noticed by the servants or others, would be received as corroborative of the accusation of insanity, should he choose to make it!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

A PRETTY LITTLE MAIDEN.

BY D. H. R.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream; A pretty little wedding was its pretty little theme; A pretty little bachelor to win her favor tried. And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh, A pretty little glances from her pretty little eye; With a pretty little face behind her pretty little fau. She smiled on the proposals of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "loves," and some pretty little "dears," Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears; Some pretty little presents, and a pretty little kiss. Were the pretty little preludes to some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark Met the pretty little parson and his pretty little clerk; A pretty little wedding-ring united them for life, A pretty little husband had a pretty little wife.

OLD DAN RACKBACK.

THE Great Exterminator:

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAMO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTINUED.

Dan knew that it was death to be taken alive, or death to stand still, so he turned and glanced over the abyss. The enemy were now so close that he could see the black chasm in the glare of their torches. It was fully thirty feet across. Low, scrubby trees grew on either side of the canon, and inclining slightly inward, interlaced their long, gnarled boughs over the dismal depths.

"Humility, old dorg," he said, "this is the tightest of the tight—we'll have to leap or die, pup."

As the last word fell from his lips, the old ranger turned and made a leap into the air over the mouth of the awful abyss, and seizing a long limb of the nearest tree, crept along it hand-over-hand, dangling and swaying over the black rift. He soon reached the extremity of the limb, but another bough, that was thrust out from the opposite side, was within reach. Seizing it, the agile old ranger transferred himself along it to the opposite side of the rift, and—was safe!

Quickly had the old man made this move, that the rift separated him from his enemies before the latter were aware of the fact. As they came up, the cunning old borderman opened fire upon them with his revolvers, filling them with consternation and a roar of baffled triumph.

"Come over, ye, if ye want to fight it out," Dan shouted from the cover in the dark.

Prairie Paul, who led the chase, hurried back a furious oath at the old man, at the same time firing upon him at random.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old borderman, in mocking triumph, "you want to be keeful, fellers, how you foolish with a tornado, for I'd do you know the Triangle's no summer zepp."

Furious at this, one of the robbers threw his burning torch across the chasm in hopes of its light revealing the form of the ranger; but the latter was where the light could not reach him, and yet where he could see the robbers and use his revolvers upon them with such effect that they were finally driven to cover, with two or three seriously wounded men.

They threw their torches aside, but kept up a random firing upon the old borderman, without any effect whatever. Dan, however, at once perceived their object: it was to hold him there while others were being sent around the head of the canon to attack the ranger in the rear.

Humility had escaped by breaking through the enemy's line, and passing around the gorge, soon joined his master, in the wildest delight.

"Bully for you, pup," exclaimed the ranger, beside himself with joy; "I war mortal afraid you'd git it plugged to your system, ole dorg; but—"

"No, no, Dan-yil!" exclaimed the old man, sinking down, "it's no use—I can't do it. Go and leave me; save yourself, and tell the boys how I died."

"Bandy, I can't leave a friend in danger."

"They can't do me any more harm, Dan-yil, give us a hundred or two red-skins if you want to have a tornado git up and how. Pity that Patience, my mare, aren't here, for then the set'd be full—the cogs'd all mash together. Judea! Bourbon, that ole mare can act kicky so hard that she can knock fire outen the darkness, and that pup—Heavens!"

The clash of firearms behind them interrupted Old Dan's expiations, and forced an exclamation, that was half a groan, from Kit's lips. Dan paid no particular attention to it at the time, but when Bandy began to lag behind, while he labored on with a heavy breathing, grave apprehensions rose in his mind, and were strengthened by the keen actions of Humility, who dashed backward and forward between the two men, whining uneasily.

"Bourbon," said the old ranger, "what's the matter? Are you giving out?"

"No, Dan-yil," replied the other, laborious.

"I got hit with a bullet—I got an ugly hole bored into my system, and gallons and gallons of blood has wasted away. I'm about done for, ole pard."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Dan; "can't you hold out and pull through to camp? Lean on me, Bandy, and—"

"No, no, Dan-yil!" exclaimed the old man, sinking down, "it's no use—I can't do it. Go and leave me; save yourself, and tell the boys how I died."

"Bandy, I can't leave a friend in danger."

"They can't do me any more harm, Dan-yil, give us a hundred or two red-skins if you want to have a tornado git up and how. Pity that Patience, my mare, aren't here, for then the set'd be full—the cogs'd all mash together. Judea! Bourbon, that ole mare can act kick

Dakota Dan, with his dog at his heels, scouted around the island as though apprehensive of danger. The old ranger trusted solely to his dog's instinct for notice of approaching enemies, and in doing so it was with a feeling of perfect safety.

The rangers in the cabin discussed the situation in tones that were in sympathy with their feelings. The fate of Idaho Tom had weighed heavily upon their minds, and the future now seemed to threaten them with increasing dangers. They really had little hopes of ever finding Tom, and but for the Princess Aree, they would have given up the pursuit since the supposed death of Kit Bandy. But, somehow or other, a faint spark of hope found nourishment in the belief that the maiden would intercede for Tom, and perchance effect his escape, should he be carried a prisoner to the robber stronghold.

In the midst of their conversation they were interrupted by the sound of old Dan's voice in conversation with some one outside.

A man in a canoe had descended the river and touched upon the upper side of the island. Dan had challenged him, and received the answer:

"I am a friend—Captain Sebley, of General Custer's exploring party."

"The deuce, you say?" answered Dan. "Well, captain, walk into the hut and give an account of yourself."

Dan conducted the man into the cabin and introduced him to the rangers as Captain Sebley.

The captain was a tall, fine-looking man, with a keen eye and ponderous black beard. He was dressed in the uniform of a captain of cavalry, over which he wore a dark blue military cloak that reached almost to his heels. He threw open his cloak as he entered the cabin, revealing a pair of silver-mounted revolvers, a sabre and sash.

Soon as Dan had introduced him, he took his dog and went back to his watch on the margin of the island.

"Captain Sebley," said Darcy Cooper, "am surprised to see you here at this time."

"No doubt of it, sir," said the captain, in a bluff yet affable tone that at once won the confidence of the boys, "but I know I am devilish glad to surprise you. I've been separated from the command two days, and am yet a day behind. My horse gave out yesterday, and I was compelled to take it afoot. But to-day I ran across a young Indian coming down the river in a boat, and so I hired passage with him, and he having landed me on this island went ashore to wait for me. Have you fellows seen anything of Custer's command?"

"It was encamped within ten miles of here last night," answered Darcy Cooper—"they went south."

"It's devilish queer they don't send a party back after me; but then, I presume they think I'm able to take care of myself," said the captain. "But, boys, what appears to be your object in this confounded old desolate ruin?"

"We're cornered here by a gang of outlaw Indians and white renegades and they've been making it warm for us."

"Indeed? Why, I never dreamed of the like!" exclaimed Sebley, with a slight start. "I've met a hundred Indians the past two days and they all vie with each other in doing me honors, confound the greasy louts!"

"Your uniform is a passport through this country, captain; but woe to the unlucky whites that come not in blue," said Cooper.

The captain laughed in an easy, good-natured sort of a way.

"Then if such is the case, you had better adopt me as your Moses to deliver you out of your troubles and this land of Philistines," he said, a smile upon his face.

"We would willingly do so were we not in search of our leader, Idaho Tom, who is a prisoner in the hands of the outlaws up among these hills somewhere."

"You speak of outlaws; do you really believe a band of such characters exists in these hills?"

"I do," affirmed Cooper; "in fact, we know it, for we have had one or two fights with them. They are under one Prairie Paul."

Captain Sebley stroked his long, glossy whiskers as he gazed reflectively into the fire at the astonished rangers.

"By gracious! that Captain Sebley is an imposter."

"Ha! ha! ha!" came a strange, shrill laugh from near the door, and the next moment a queer, strange specimen of humanity appeared from the darkness and paused in the doorway.

The stranger was a man, a little above medium height, with a thin, sharp face innocent of beard as a woman's. A slouched hat shaded the eyes and most of the face; and his form was wrapped and girded in a manner that gave him the general appearance of a first-class vagabond.

"Who in Satan's name are you?" exclaimed one of the rangers.

"Ha! ha! ha!" the man continued, laughing in the peculiar rollicking strain that is bound to set an auditor into a roar, despite his efforts to appear grave; "I really thought you young curmudgeons would git your eyes wide open," he said, shaking his long, bony fingers at the boys.

"Well, now, who are you, old bandyshanks?" asked one of the rangers, astonished at sight of this new arrival.

"Ho, ho, ho," chuckled the man, rubbing his hands with glee, as he advanced into the cabin and glanced from face to face; "it's no difference who I be—I'm no flag of truce, let me tell you. Hoss-fy! that's party good—Captain Sebley, ahem!—lost from the command chasing buffalo; ahem!—hired an Ingin boy to paddle him down the stream; ahem!—going to be your Moses and take you to the promised land—oh—hun!—fine, nice, delicious, humane, grandulique Captain Sebley!—bully captain Sebley—ha! ha! ha!" and the man's form became convulsed with laughter.

"We will be under everlasting obligations to you if you will do so, captain," said young Cooper, "though I cannot ask a man to risk his life and position for me."

"Tut, tut, young man," replied the officer, "I owe kindness to your fellow-men as well as my country. If you say that you will place yourselves under my protection, I'll give the red-skins to understand that I am escorting you off their reservation."

"That'll do," said Marcy; "but what about Captain Tom? We cannot give him up."

"I dare say the Indians know where he is; and if alive, I'll have him brought forth," said the officer.

"If you think you can have that influence with the red-skins, I think we will adopt you as our flag of truce," young Cooper remarked, facetiously.

"All right, boys," the captain replied; "in the morning we will set forth, though I will see the red-skins first."

While this conversation was going on inside, the young Indian, who had landed the captain on the island, paddled over to the west shore, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes returned. He landed on the island, beached his canoe, then with a slow, hesitating footstep approached the cabin.

Dakota Dan kept a close watch upon his m'ements. He approached the door and glanced cautiously around until his eyes rested upon the face of Captain Sebley.

"Hullo, my grim Sharon," the captain exclaimed; "what would you have, my boy?"

"Sojers—that man," and he held up two fingers, "over there—hunt for pale-face friend—me tell 'em dat one sojer-man here—they send that," and he handed the captain a folded slip of paper; on the back of which was written: "To Captain Sebley, if on the island, if not, to the one in command there."

Captain Sebley read it aloud, then burst into a peal of laughter.

"The boys are back looking for me," he said, "and have got track of me some way or other. I'll read the note and see what they have to offer."

He read as follows, in a clear, distinct tone:

"I'll tell ye, boys," said Dan, "I'm going ashore to reconnoiter a little. I want to know more about this than I do; I'd like to see what Mr. Flea hops to. I have fished that dugout out of the sand round here, and will go over in it."

"It will be rather a dangerous adventure, Dan," said young Marcy, "and I hope we will not lose you."

"I know it, but that's what the Triangle likes, so now keep a clus watch all around till I git back."

Without further words, Dan walked to where the dugout lay on the beach, and with the assistance of the boys launched it and embarked for the northern shore. He soon effected a landing, and as no one appeared to dispute his way, he pushed back into the woods a few rods and stopped to listen.

All was silent. He kept back some fifty rods from the river, for he knew that if danger was near, it would be along the shore.

He moved on for nearly a mile, then bent his course westward and struck off among the hills. He had not gone over half a mile ere the reflection of a light far in advance attracted his attention and enlisted his curiosity. He quickened his footsteps, and in the course of a few minutes drew up on a ledge overlooking the camp of a party of Indians and outlaws. Here repeated surprises met his gaze. As he ran his eyes over the assembly, some of whom were standing, some sitting, and some reclining, he picked out the form of Prairie Paul in his late disguise of Captain Sebley. But he was surprised when he saw the form of the outlaw chief, he was completely astounded when he saw the familiar face and form of Kit Bandy seated among the crowd, as well, apparently, as he ever was in his life, and enjoying perfect freedom of the camp.

Dan ground his teeth with rage, for it flashed through his mind in an instant that Kit had not been wounded, but had made use of a glaring falsehood to enable him to return to his old associates—the robbers. He was sorely tempted to draw a bead upon the villain and put an end to his existence; but before he could carry his thoughts into execution, his mind was diverted from his purpose.

After some mental deliberation, Dan rose and started back to the island, undecided as to what he should do. He knew it would not have been good policy to have shot either Kit or Prairie Paul, for this would only have added to the cruelty and vengeance of their followers, and made the possibility of rescuing Idaho Tom still more hopeless.

The old ranger did not return by the route he came, but cut across the valley toward the island. His way lay through a densely-wooded district, where the darkness was almost impenetrable; but he kept his bearings well, and knew about where he would strike the river. As he hurried along, noiselessly as a shadow, the sharp tinkle of a bell suddenly smote his ears, a light flashed into his face, and a shrill, sharp voice screamed through the dismal, gloomy night.

"Great God, boys! I have read a terrible secret in that fire! Look!—read it for yourselves!"

LIEUTENANT GREGORY

"Well, I'll have to answer this in person," said the captain, dropping the paper into the fire, and rising to his feet.

"Then this is likely to spoil our arrangement, isn't it?" said Darcy Cooper.

"Not at all; we will not leave you, rest assured, and I will report soon again. I may, while ashore, obtain an interview with your enemies; and if so, I shall demand the surrender of your friend, if they have him."

"Act your pleasure, captain," answered Cooper, as the officer turned and moved away.

A momentary silence followed the captain's departure; then the rangers began discussing the promising prospect before them. While thus engaged, Darcy Cooper seated himself before the fire and gazed reflectively into the cheery blaze. Ben Marcy noticed the expression that came over his face, the working of the muscles, and the vague, far-off look of the eye; and he wondered what thoughts the warm glow of the blaze conjured up in his mind—whether some familiar faces—the associations of the home fireside, were recalled to his youthful mind. And Ben was suddenly startled by the change that flashed over his young friend's face. Cooper's lips parted; he started to his feet, exclaiming aloud, as he pointed to the flame at his feet:

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

DAKOTA DAN RECONNOITERS.

"What is it, Darcy?" asked the young man's companions, startled by his sudden exclamation.

"Do you see the ashes of that paper dropped in the flames by Captain Sebley?" he asked.

All answered in the affirmative, for there upon the coals at the edge of the fire lay the charred remains of the paper. The latter had not been consumed by the blaze, but, lying upon the red coals, had charred to a blackish, gray color, preserving its form in whole; and upon this sheet of ashes every word that had been written thereon could be distinctly traced in white lines!

"And do you see those letters upon it?" Cooper asked.

All looked closely and again answered in the affirmative.

"By heavens! that Captain Sebley is an imposter, or else he lied to us regarding the contents of that slip of paper," said Cooper.

An exclamation burst from every lip, then all gathered to examine the contents of the burned paper.

Darcy Cooper dropped upon his knees, and shading his eyes from the glare of the fire, said:

"Now listen, and I will read from the ashes of that paper the words upon it."

Slowly he read these words:

"CAPTAIN—I have ten of the boys and thirty Indians I am awaiting your order. How shall the I be reached?—or can you draw them out of their defense?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

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THE TROMBONE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A fellow of infinite taste,
A fellow of infinite check,
A fellow who would expand
What'd think they would burst or would break.
His soul upon harmony fed,
And his ears were for music alone;
He blew, and he blew, and he blew
Like a wind-mill upon a trombone.
He lived in a room to the right,
And blew in a terrible way;
He practiced twelve hours a night,
And the streets were by day;
He exhausted the wind in the house;
The sash from the windows were blown;
And he blew the sleep out of our heads
When he tooted upon that trombone.
So steady on it did he toot,
And with such Herculean power,
That when he would lay it aside
Twould keep on with the tune for an hour.
That trombone was such a roar through;
No big noise could stop its tone;
'Twas as clear as a factory whistle;
And it thrilled us just like a—trombone.
We threatened to chuck him into it
And blow him clear through a brick wall;
The more he quit ceasing at all
He blew the big notes with a crash;
Hard to do for just one minute alone;
The small notes he blew with a smash
That was strong upon the trombone.

For seven months we endured
The weight we could get out of it.
But he was a lonesome young man
And didn't take it a bit.
We prayed he would blow his brains,
Burst his bellows, or turn into stone,
But he kept on blowing the insides
Cleas out of that awful trombone.
At length we concluded to charge
That battery in full blast;
The instrument with which we repiled
At the thought we had conquered at last.
That a little peace would be known,
But he's gone and bought him another
Everlasting confounded trombone.

Poor Uncle Ed.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A very pleasant little group gathered about Mrs. Dermot's cosy breakfast-table that bright spring morning.

First, Mrs. Dermot herself, fair, fat, and well, no matter about the age—ten years a widow with not overplenty of means, and the mother of the three girls, Miss Laura, the eldest and the beauty, Miss Isabel, a beauty also, and a musician besides, and little Ruth, who was regarded by the family as neither very brilliant nor very beautiful, but very useful to help mother and the sole servant with the household matters.

This morning there was one more in the group, Mrs. Dermot's brother, Edward, an improvident youth, who had run away to California years ago, and just come back, not much the better, as Mrs. Dermot could discover, for his long wanderings.

"We never need have expected poor uncle Ed to make anything," she remarked to her daughter the night after his sudden return. "He says he has saved enough to buy himself a little home somewhere, but I suppose that is all. I'm sorry, for I did hope he would have been able to do something for you girls. But I suppose we must make the best of it, and treat him as well as we can. I do hope he won't try to buy a house here in the city, for it won't help you any to have shabby relations close. I shall advise him, as his means are small, to buy over on the Jersey shore."

Uncle Ed received this advice and consented to adopt it with a twinkle in his gray eyes, which Mrs. Dermot did not notice.

She rather expected to be asked to assist in the selection of the little place, but as uncle Ed did not invite her to accompany him, she did not offer her services.

At the table, this morning, uncle Ed announced that the little house was ready for occupation, and that he was going to take possession in two or three days.

"And now I want a housekeeper," he said, in his slow way. "Won't you lend me one of your girls, Mary?"

Everybody looked up as uncle Ed made this amazing request. Laura blushed with vexation; Isabel shrugged her pretty shoulders and smiled, and even Ruth looked astonished.

"Of course she needn't do the rough work," continued uncle Ed; "I'll hire a kitchen girl for that; but I thought I'd rather have one of my own relations to look after things. You see I'll not have very many more years to live, and I'd like to be among my own kin."

Nobody answered, so poor uncle Ed went on, slowly:

"I'll tell you all what I'll do. If one of you girls will go over to my new home and live there with me, I'll give her board and clothing while she stays, and whenever she marries, I'll give her what I can for a setting-out. Now I'll leave you to think about it. I'm going over to-day, and when I come back this evening you can have your choice made."

After uncle Ed left the room there was a chorus of exclamation.

Isabel leaned back in her chair and laughed till she was tired.

"Wouldn't I look pretty playing the piano in uncle Ed's six-by-nine parlor, with an ingrained carpet and wooden chairs?" she cried.

"And wouldn't I feel like asking, Colonel Richardson to call on me, in some little muffy, stuffy Jersey place?" cried Laura, indignantly.

"It's a pity, I know," said Mrs. Dermot, "but I don't see but what some of you ought to go. It would relieve us—and you know uncle Ed would dress you, he said."

"Dress!" cried Laura, indignantly. "Yes! calico gowns and cotton shawls, and maybe a cheap alpaca for Sunday! Thank you; not for me!"

"If ma is willing, I will go," said Ruth, speaking for the first time. "If uncle Ed feels lonely and wants one of us, we ought to go and stay with him, and I'm willing to go."

"Well, I do suppose you would be the best one for him," said Mrs. Dermot, thoughtfully. "It would leave me more too for the other girls, and then when they marry they can help you."

"You forget that uncle Ed has promised her a 'setting-out!'" said Isabel, with a scornful laugh.

And Laura added: "A pretty 'setting-out,' no doubt! I don't suppose after his house is furnished, uncle Ed will have fifty dollars left in the world! Go along, Ruth; I wish you joy of your bargain."

"Laura, Isabel, hush!" said Mrs. Dermot, reprovingly. "If Ruth is a mind to go, you ought not to put obstacles in her way. Let her do as she likes."

When uncle Ed came back it was announced to him that Ruth had decided to go with him.

"Thank you, dear," he said, laying his hand on her head. "I'll try to make you as comfortable as I can. Will you be ready to go over day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ruth.

The girls had a great deal of sport over her

going the next day, but little Ruth, whose heart was warm with pity for her lonely uncle, held firm, and was ready to go early the next morning.

Uncle Ed invited the rest to go over and see her installed in her new home. Laura haughtily declined, but Mrs. Dermot and Isabel resolved to go, Isabel enjoying the anticipation of turning up her pretty nose at Ruth's humble quarters.

They crossed the river, and uncle Ed told the ladies to wait at the office a few moments, till he found some sort of a carriage.

"He hired a very handsome one, I must confess!" was Isabel's mental comment, as they were seated, a little later, in the stately carriage with its splendid horses; "I didn't know they kept such elegant ones outside the city."

Seated in her corner, Miss Isabel enjoyed the ride very much, making comments on all the handsome residences they passed.

"What an elegant place!" she cried, as they drew near a fine old mansion in the midst of stately grounds, with a gleam of marble statuary among the trees, and a sparkling fountain flinging its bright drops in the air upon a well-kept lawn.

"We will stop here," said uncle Ed, as the coachman drew up his horses.

"Here! Why, do you know the people? Who owns this place?" asked Isabel.

"I do," returned uncle Ed, quietly, as he assisted her to alight.

"You!!! cried Isabel, with at least three exclamations after the word.

While Mrs. Dermot stopped short on the carriage-step to say, "Edward! My good fathers alive!"

"Yes, I!" returned uncle Edward, smiling. "Come, Ruthie, dear, this is the home I have brought you to; let us go in and see how you like it."

The surprised party followed him through the grounds to the door, where they were admitted by a neat colored boy.

"Good-morning, John," said uncle Ed. "Here is your new mistress," presenting Ruth, as John bowed low after the manner of a polite darkey, to welcome his young mistress.

"The rooms are all in order, John?" asked uncle Ed.

"Yes, sah," replied John.

"Very well, we will look at them, then. Come, ladies."

He led them through lofty rooms, most elegantly appointed, pausing at last in Ruth's own chamber, a lovely room, all soft drab, blue and silver, and fit for a queen or fairy.

"And here," he said, opening another door, into a room furnished with rose-color, "is a room for your sisters, whenever they may choose to come and stay with you. Mary, there is a room below for you; I know you don't like to climb stairs."

"But—but—Edward—" said Mrs. Dermot, who was the first to recover her voice, "we are astonished beyond measure! I thought you were poor—I thought you said you only made a 'little' out yonder."

Uncle Edward smiled.

"Well, I did make a little, Mary—and I never was given much to bragging, you know. I had a fancy to see if uncle Edward rich and uncle Edward poor were to be considered the same. You have all been kind!"—Mrs. Dermot winced a little, for she knew it had only been a pitying sort of kindness—"and my little Ruthie here, most of all, for she has come to make my home bright. I'll take good care of her, and give her a hundred dollars a month for pocket-money, and when she marries I intend to settle twenty thousand dollars on her for a wedding present."

Isabel sunk down in a chair, speechless with astonishment, while Mrs. Dermot exclaimed,

"Well, I never! Goodness gracious, my good fathers! I can't hardly believe it yet, Edward!"

Uncle Edward only smiled.

"You'll get used to it, Mary. Now, Ruthie, dear, take your sister to your room and take off her things; Mary, you and Bell must stay all day, and I will send you back in the carriage."

"Was it your carriage?" asked Bell.

"Yes. And I hope you will enjoy a great many rides in it, Bell."

"What will Laura say?" was Bell's first question, when she found herself alone with Ruth. "It don't make any difference, though; we both had the same chance you did! Ruth, you're a lucky little soul!"

And Ruth, as she moves happily about poor Ed's magnificent home, thinks so, too. But the truth is, she was only kind, generous and honest, and now she has her reward.

Uncle Edward only smiled.

"Now I suppose you've got heaps o' money in that iron box?" says the ole woman.

"I reckon that's enough that to buy up all o' Bileslee an' the surroundin' kentry!" says the express messenger, seein' the joke o' the thing.

"S'posin' the Bradford Brothers comes with blunderbusses an' other murderous wepons, an' takes it away from you?" says she.

"Two kin play at that thar game, my dear madam," says the express messenger. "What do you think o' that?"

"An' he picked up a six-shooter that was layin' handy."

"Oh, law! Don't p'int it this way! Is it loaded?" Will it go off? says the ole woman, mighty skeered.

"I reckon that's loaded with sure death. Every time that calls somebody's bound to drop off the hooks, sure!"

"Law! But you don't mean to say that you'd kill 'em, do ye?"

"It'd rather be to be one or 'tother; an' I reckon I'd rather it was them than me."

"But it's wicked to kill men!"

"Not always, ma'am. Didn't Moses kill the Egyptian? Didn't Samson kill the Philistians? Didn'tJosh—"

"Young man, I see you read your Bible."

"Reg'lar, ma'am."

"An'—oh, Jerusha!—how Jim Slocum lied that!"

"An' you hain't afraid that the Bradford Brothers will kill you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nor git your money?"

"Nor git into this hyer keer?"

"Nary time!"

"Then, young man, I'll ride with you?" says the ole woman, mighty well satisfied.

"With that, she steps up on to a baggage truck an' crawls into the car before Jim could say 'Boo!' an' he's lookin' at her with eyes an' mouth wide open."

"All aboard!" yells the conductor, jest a-holdin' of his sides with laughter.

"I gives her steam willin' enough; an' bein's it was down grade a mite, everything began to move."

"Hold on," says Slocum. "Nobody hain't allowed to ride in hyer."

"Why, hain't this hyer your car?" says the ole woman.

"Yes."

"Wal, such a polite-spoken young man as you—a young man as reads his Bible reg'lar—won't deny an ole woman room to ride with him."

"But, ma'am," says Jim, scratchin' his head, "them's orders, an' I hain't got the say, ur' I'd be mighty glad o' yer company, o' course."

"But I can't get out now," says the ole woman. "I'd break every bone in my poor ole body. Law, man! jest be easy. I won't eat ye!"

"She stood her umbrella in the corner, an' settin' down on a box, held her bandbox in her lap, with her reticule on top of it.

"Thar was nothin' but to grin an' bear it; so Jim turned to sortin' over his way-bills.

"For a minute the ole woman fumbled about her dress, an' then she fetched him a handkerchief with some money tied in the corner of it.

"They was boss sharps, you bet; an' though

that was a standin' reward fur any ur all of 'em, dead ur alive, nobody's fingers didn't seem to itch to handle it. Leastways, nobody didn't try their luck at baggin' the gang.

"It would 'a' been a nice job, anyway. I reckon; fur they was hyer to-day an' two ur three hundred miles off next week. Thar never wa'n't tellin' whar they'd turn up next."

"Wal, one day we pulled out o' the Junction

with our reg'lar four coaches an' a sleeper purty well stocked. Only two days back the Bradford Brothers had captured a town, emptied the bank-till into their own pockets, an' made off with the plunder; an' the bulk o' the talk was about this. Another thing what give us chance for chin-music was the fact that we was haulin' somethin' like sixty thousand dollars o' goverment money in the express car. Nobody knowed how this leaked out; fur they tried to keep it sly. But the passengers got a-holt of it somehow, an' began to stake their chips on the chances o' the Bradford Brothers makin' a lay fur the money.

"I reckon," says the granger, "I reck-on as how they could stop a train as handy as coach-an'-coach through a thrashin'-machine."

"'Pugh!' says another—a counter-jumper on forty dollars a month—thar's a hundred men on this hyer train; an' I allow some o' em's seen a thing ur two, an' hain't so skeery as our friend from the country."

"'Skeery yourself!' says the granger, a gittin' of his ebenezer up. 'Gol' blamed if I can't knock the socks off'n any sich rake-han-dle of a feller as you be, anyhow!'

"'Laws a-massy!' hollers an old woman, raisin' her two hands an' lookin' at 'em over her specs. 'Don't quarrel, young men. What's yer home, larnin'? Didn't yer mothers teach ye—"Let dogs delight to bark an' bite?"

"At that, everybody begun to larf; an' one hollers out:

"'Go it, ole woman!—I'll hold yer sun-bonnet!'

"'Young man,' says the ole woman, "there's nothin' to beat the ill-manners o' these hyer degenerate times. Now, in my day, an' general old age was respected, at least."

"That thar was a squelcher on him. But the ole woman got fidgety, an' goin' from one seat to another, she asked 'em a thousand questions about the chances of the Bradford Brothers goin' through the train. One poor devil she didn't give no peace, an' that was the conductor.

"Somebody, fur a joke, told her that the express messenger was the man what took care o' the strong box; an' that he carried six-shooters enough to lay out the Bradford Brothers an' all their wife's relations.

"That was enough fur her. At one o' the stations she hobbles out o' the coach an' along the platform to the express car, the side-door of which was standin' open.

"I forgot to say that the ole woman wore a green vail over her Shaker bonnet. But she ivils out her silver-bowed specs from under it, an' wipes 'em on a bandanna handkerchief. Then she puts 'em on again, funblin' at